A Balade declaryng how neybourhed

lone, and trew dealyng is gone.

NOw straunge it is, to men of age
the which they se, before their face,
This world to be, in such outrage,
It was neuer sene, in so bad case,
Neibourhed nor loue is none
trew dealyng now is fled & gone

¶ Where shall one fynde, a man to trust,
Alwaye to stande, in tyme of neede.
The most parte now, they are vntrust
Fayre in wordes, but false in deede:
Neybourhed, nor loue is none
True dealyng now is fled and gone.

¶ who can flatter, now best shall speede,
who can deceyue, is gaynes well won
Of deceytfull tongues, who can take hede
Many a man, they haue vndone,
Neibourhed, nor loue is none, &c,

¶ The wickednesse, that doth abounde,
More then I can, with tongue expresse,
To see vnfaithfull men are founde,
of frendship there was neuer lesse:
Neiborhed, nor loue is none. &c,

¶ On couetousnesse, most men desyre,
Their neibours house, some doth procure.
And ouer his hed, they wyll it hyre,
Or bye a leace, to make it sure,
Neiborhed, nor loue is none. &c.

¶ To pourchace and bye, for lucre & gaine
Both leace & house, both wood & grounde,
They double the rent, to poore mens payne
of landlordes nowe, fewe good are founde
Neiborhed, nor loue is none. &c.

¶ This is vsed now euery where,
And wyll be tyll we haue redresse,
with them I thought, the Lorde dyd fere
Because his worde they doo professe:
neiborhed, nor loue is none. &c.

¶ what neiborhed is this you call,
That one another doth backbite
And daily wyll both skolde and brall,
with slaunderous wordes, in most despite:
neyborhed, nor loue is none. &c.

¶ For matters small, some suffre wronge,
Upon displeasure, in prison cast,
And there shall lye, without pitie long
tyll that his goodes are spent and wast:
neyborhed nor loue is none. &c,

¶ Thungodly riche, the poore oppresse
On them few haue compassion,
Their cause is here, remedilesse
without all consolation:
neyborhed nor loue is none. &c.

¶ If any membre be hurte in man,
The whole body lamentes therfore:
the poore oppprest, who cureth than
Or helpes him for to salue his sore:
neiborhed nor loue is none. &c.

¶ The pertialnesse that now doth raigne,
with some that haue, suche cause in hande
The riche men doth, the poore disdayne
And seke the meanes, to make them bond
neyborhed nor loue is none, &c,

¶ Truly to deale one with another,
In these dayes now ar very fewe,
the Sister wyll begyle the brother,
the brother agayne, deceyte wyll shewe
neyborhed nor loue is none. &c.

¶ The father wyll deceyue the chylde,
the chylde the father likewyse agayne,
thus one another dothe begylde
By false deceyt, that now doth raigne:
neyborhed nor loue is none. &c.

¶ To speake somwhat of vsurye,
the whiche the Lorde doth daily curse
yet some doo vse it priuely
to fyll their vncontented purse,
neyborhed nor loue is none. &c.

To striue or speake, it is no boote,
In couetousnesse, there is no order
of mischiefe it is the very roote,
All thinges it spoyles, in euery border:
neyborhed nor loue is none. &c,

Our Preachers with gods word doth cry
on couetousmen, that wyll not cesse,
their wordes are herde, with peres so sly,
their filthy gaynes, they styll encresse:
neybourhed nor loue is none. &c.

How many doth their rentes abate,
or now a dayes, their tenentes ease,
they set their rentes, at a new rate
Both fines and leasses, they daily rease,
Neybourhed nor loue is none. &c.

Couetousnesse hathe now the way
wronge & bubery dothe not refrayne,
In euery cost, pride bereth the sway,
Amonges the whole, now it doth raygne
Neybourhed nor lone is none. &c.

What is the cause, neibourhed is gone,
which here hath reigned many a daye
I heare the poore men make great mone,
And sayth hit is, faine in decaye:
Neibourhed nor loue is none, &c,

True dealyng dare not once appeare
Deceit hath put him out of place,
Euery where both farre and nere,
He raigneth now in most mens face:
Neibourhed nor loue is none. &c.

Graunt oh God, for thy mercyes sake
That neigbourhed, and dealyng trewe
May once agayne, our sprites awake,
That we our lyues may chaunge a new
that neybourhed and loue a lone
may come agayne to euery one.

qd. Jhon Warker.

Imprinted at London
by Richard Lant.